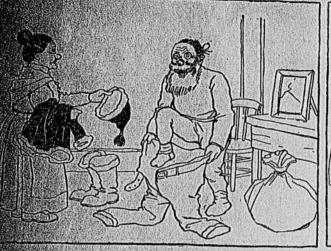
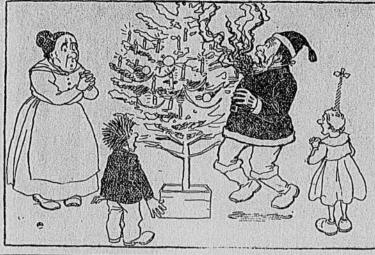
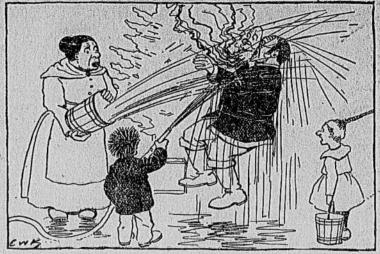
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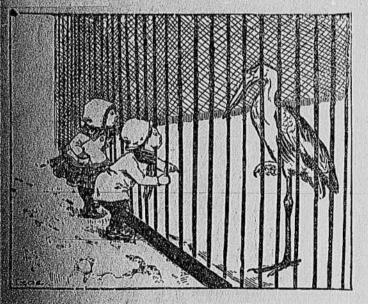


HORRIBLE APPARITION.



Jake Grinnel saw it with his own eyes when returning from the Christias festivities at the Blue Pig and says he'll never disbelieve in the poteny of apirite any more.

ENVIED BY THE SHORT LEGS.



Oh, Susannah! Just look a-here! Couldn't he hang up the great



THE KIND MISSIONARY AND THE ESKIMOS.

2. Ti'ff!



A GAME OF CHANCE FOR A CHARLETMAS TURKEY.

1. Missionary (to little Eskimos)

Now, children, I've got up a regular civilized Christmas tree and—

Mr. Cooney-Yum, yum! Mr. Cooper-Ah, hah!

Go 'way wid yoh celery,

THE TRIMMINGS.

Go way wid yon celery.
Yoh Inters an yoh ple,
Yoh gravy an yoh dressin,
'Case I'se gotter pass 'em by.
White folks dey kin eat 'em
Ef dey wants de taste,
But I come yere foh turkey,
An I'se got no room to waste.

—Washington Star.

As He Remembered It.

Campaign Contributions. "I suppose the people of your state have much to be thankful for?" said the friend. "Yes," said Senator Sorghum re-

gretfully, "they have, to my personal knowledge. And a great deal of it was my money before election."—Washington Star.

3. Chorus of Eskimos (with mouths full)—Clissmas heap all right!—New York Evening Journal.

A RURAL CHRISTMAS.

We uns is as solid as rocks: Old Christmas, jest come when you choose! Mammy's a-knittin of socks, An daddy's a-makin of shoes!

The house got another room built Fer company-what comes by sur-

prise; Molly's a-quiltin a quilt, An Mary's a-bakin of pies.

The hogs is done kill, an the mules Laid off fer the holiday time;
Play theater now in the schools,
An see all you want fer a dime.

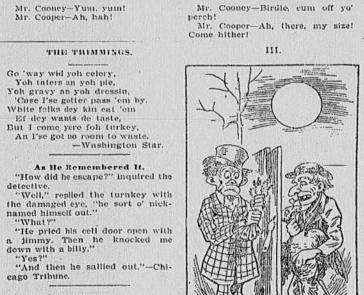
Thar's fun till a feller can't rest! That's tun till a teller can't rest;
The boys is burrahin all day;
An then, when it's night, why—
they jest
Git a fiddle an shuffle away!
—Frank L. Stanton.

In Memoriam.

Ethel (rummaging in grandma's drawer)—Oh, grandma, what a curious key this is!
Grandma—Yes, my dear. That was your grandfather's latehkey.
"And you keep it in memory of old days?"

"No, my dear; old nights."-Tit-Bits.

IV.



Mr. Cooncy—Who says dat ain't heart breakin luck? But I'll foller him up!



Mr. Cooney (still more surprised)
-W-w-w-what does dis mean, sah?
Mr. Cooper-Guess it means
"heads I win, tails you lose!"
-New York Evening World.

THEY'LL HOLD MORE.



The Niece (in the rear): "Well, I did intend asking uncle to lend me his stocking to hang up for Santa Claus, but I think I'd better ask auntie to lend me hers."

IT LOOKED LIKE IT.



Scottie: "Aw widna be surprised tae see a breeze springin up the day." -Ally Sloper.

TOMMY LIKES WINTER. WHY



1. Tommy is so pleased it's winter again, 'cos now he can make slides for fat old gentlemen to sprawl

The Christmas Books.

The books, the books-the Christ-mas books, With all their blue and golden looks. With decked edges, scalloped cov-

For sages sad and sighing lovers, May every bright one be a winner, And give the writer Christmas din-

> -Atlanta Constitution. Optimism.

"I shall never marry," said the bachelor.
"You always were optimistic," re-turned the benedict,—Chleago Post.



2. He can get hold of a football and smash other people's windows with it, which is grand fun—for him.



4. And-glorious thought-there's Christmas ahead, which is something to look forward to if you like -ch, you fellows?



3. Then he can generally manage to catch a few colds these months and have to stop in bed and not go to school.

Displayed Them. Miss Tottle Triplightly, who'd noth-ing to wear, Got her salary raised by the proprictaire; she bought some more clothes, and I'm sorry to state attendance diminished from

The that very date!
—Indianapolis Journal.

Deferred Classification.
"Is your new play a comedy or a tragedy?"
"I can't tell until I see how the audience takes it."—Chicago Rec-



"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR."